

THE COMING OF THE ALBATROSS 109

am getting fat! - That's what comes of
spending
one's time doing nothing ! "

Doing nothing, alas ! Unhappily, in the
present
situation, there was practically
nothing to do !

In the afternoon of the 29th something
happened
which recalled memories of happier
days.

A bird settled on a part of the
promontory which
was not inaccessible.

It was an albatross, which had
probably come
a long way, and seemed to be very
tired. It
lay out on a rock, its legs stretched,
its wings
folded.

Fritz determined to try to capture
this bird.
He was clever with the lasso, and he
thought he
might succeed if he made a running
noose with
one of the boat's halyards.

A long line was prepared by the
boatswain,
and Fritz climbed up the promontory
as softly
as possible.

Everybody watched him.

The bird did not move and Fritz,
getting within,
a few fathoms of it, cast his lasso round
its body.

The bird made hardly any attempt to
get free
when Fritz, who had picked it up in his
arms,
brought it down to the beach.

Jenny could not restrain a cry of
astonishment.

" It is ! It is 1" she exclaimed,
caressing the
bird. " I am sure I recognise him! "

" What ? " Fritz exclaimed; "you
mean---"